But thou, most fine, most honoured, most renowned,
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal liege*
Accusing it, I put it on my head:
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—•
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride i
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome*
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head I
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. HEN. O my son !
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love*
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed t
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows* my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown: and I myself know well*
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet*

So, in the character of the Doctor of Physicke, by Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 4, 46 :

te For *gold in phisike* is a cordial/*
STEEVENS.

That *gold* may be made potable is certain, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's incredulity. The process is inserted in the Abbe Sarrasin's incomparable work intitled, Lettres de quelques Juifs, &c. M. de Voltaire, 5th edit. vol. i. p. 416, a work which every person unacquainted with it will be glad to be referred to. HENLEY.

See Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. viii. p. 48d<, edit. 1780. REED.

I have not the Abbe's book to refer to, but I imagine he does not recommend potable gold as a medicine, which is the fraud alluded to by Dr. Johnson. Bo SWELL*